

## Full Circle -- The Beginning and the End

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Category: Buffy: The Vampire Slayer

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 1999-12-04 08:00:00

Updated: 1999-12-04 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 09:29:56

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,676

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: It has been many years since the vortex to hell was closed, but some hells still remain.

## Full Circle -- The Beginning and the End

Full Circle Disclaimer: I don't own these characters. Never have, never will. We all pretty much know who does, so I won't go there. This story line however, is mine. I don't typically write something this dark I don't think, but as any of you writers know, once an idea gets stuck in your head, you gotta write it or it will never go away. This also gave me the opportunity to create a story for one of my online role play characters. While some details will be different, the gist will be the same for her. Obviously since the character is set in the middle ages I can't keep all of this but well it's the basis for who she will be. And with that said, read on

> Full Circle - The Beginning and the End<p>

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> 1998<p>

> <em>Shit, he's got the damn sword,</em> was her first thought.

\_I can't do this\_, was her second.

Angelus looked at her coldly then swung, intending to take her head with him she supposed. She couldn't let that one happen now could she? Swinging her own, they locked together, and he looked down at her oddly. Breaking away, he didn't give her a chance to retaliate, grabbing her by the arm instead. Seeing the vortex to hell begin to open behind him, she almost panicked. He was pulling her closer, but

her eyes were still locked on the portal to hell. His blood was sucked into the vortex almost as soon as her blade had drawn the blood from his arm. The liquid hit it causing a shimmering like ripples on a disturbed lake. A few moments passed and it began to close, the glow fading slightly. But he didn't loosen his grip.

Looking in her eyes, he whispered, "This is for trying to kill me."

With that he bit, hard, drinking her blood until she was weak. He considered killing her, but that wouldn't be any fun now would it? Waiting until she was delirious with the loss of blood, he offered her his opened arm. And it was done before she knew what had happened. The next thing she could remember was Willow and Giles standing over her with Willow telling her "I'll find a spell. I promise Buffy. I know the last one didn't work, the orb just shattered. But this one will... I swear it."

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Lying back on the mattress The Slayer looked up at the ceiling in the small apartment. She wouldn't need it much longer now, because now she knew where he was. Now she knew and she could put all of this to an end. Now the end was near and she was so ready for it. The years had gone by so slowly with no sign of him. No remembrance of the one night that had caused all of this, the one night of "happiness" the curse had called it. There were now just cold thoughts, the single-minded hatred for what he had done, and the desire to not let it happen to anyone else again.

Trying not to remember, she couldn't help it, knowing this would be the last time she would remember such things. After tonight nothing else would matter... nothing at all, soon this curse would come to an end. Now there were only the two of them left The Slayer and Angelus. Only two... and none before sunrise tomorrow.

Her thoughts drifted to random moments, honing her anger and hatred towards him. Perhaps she'd lose her sanity if she remembered, but she'd be more deadly than he had ever seen. With that one last coherent thought, she remembered

She remembered only a few days after it had happened. She had hoped that maybe what had been done to her wouldn't put her friends in danger, but that was to be wrong she realized only too late. Giles was dead. They had been hunting for her and found him instead. Spike and Dru had thought to get a hold of her and do things to her that only vampires would appreciate. Maybe he'd let Angelus have her too it might take his mind off Dru and then she'd be his again. The Slayer, that's how she was known now her former name gone to an archive somewhere, had found the body drained of all blood. A single railroad spike holding the body to a table just so she'd be sure to know who had done it. It was then she knew she could never be with them again. If she were, they would only come to harm as well. So she left, leaving only notes for her friends to tell them how much she loved them and that she would always watch over even if they didn't know she was there.

The first to go was Cordelia. She was only in college, and the report said her newest boyfriend was drunk and managed to hit a tree head on. Even though his blood alcohol levels were low, they still considered it a drunk driving accident. No one had bothered to take note of the large dent and scrape on the bumper of the new car. No one else thought it looked like they had been run off the road. Neither of them had their seat belts on. Neither of them thought they would die. The Slayer had held her friend's hand while she died, knowing the ambulance would not get there in time. She didn't think Cordy really knew she was there, but she had to hope that Cordy at least knew she wasn't alone in those last few minutes.

Next was Oz poor sweet Oz. At least it was many years later and he and Willow had married. Only one child, but that was enough. The lock had broken and in his wolf form he had escaped. As he lay dying, he was happy that Willow and his daughter could not see this. The other wolf had beaten him in the battle, and now he was loosing blood so fast there wasn't any chance of survival... besides... where would he go? The emergency room or the vet?! She held him too as he died, telling him she would let nothing happen to his wife and his daughter. She hoped then, as well, that he knew he wasn't alone. She watched him slowly retake his human form in death and then watched Willow cry when she heard the news he had been found dead in the park. She wanted so bad to comfort her best friend, but that would only put her in even more danger.

Xander oh God, Xander was next. And he was her fault. After Oz was gone he and Willow had married. They were all that was left. Things were fine for several years, but one night, one damned night she had gotten too close. She had only been watching the house. She hadn't known they had been watching her, being lost in her own misery as she was. The vampires that were chasing her knew who she was and attacked. She had thought they were still in pursuit of her, and only after a few minutes and the screams, did she know she had been wrong. Turning back to the house, she saw Dru leave, bloodied and smiling. Never would she forget the screams. She could only be happy that Willow and the now grown girl were out that night.

And Willow. That one had to be the hardest of all. She was the only one to meet a natural death. The Slayer had watched her friend be eaten alive by cancer. No one could do anything in those last moments, and even her daughter had left the room. She just hadn't been able to watch her mother suffer. The Slayer knew those were the last moments, so she had come from hiding to sit with her friend and hold her. With the last breath she gave, Willow promised one more time "A spell the spell will help you... will cure you. It will work. I promise." And with that she was gone. Laying her friend back on the bed The Slayer cried. She hadn't cried for the others really, but Willow she never thought she'd have to see this.

And Willow's daughter the poor girl had been so lost after losing both her mom and her dad. Her death was ruled accidental, but The Slayer knew better. The pills had been taken, and while she had no proof, she knew the girl hadn't taken them voluntarily.

And she had been alone since then. For more than a hundred years. And of all those years, she could only come up with one happy memory since that night...

The Slayer remembered the night Willow had given birth. The labor was

hard, and the doctors had begun to worry if Willow would make it. The baby was a breech and nothing they were doing seemed to help. Willow screamed out her friend's name, but The Slayer could not go to her. She could only make herself unseen in the corner and hope that her friend would live. Take the baby if you must... but leave Willow please God... leave her, she thought. Finally the birth happened and both baby and mother were fine. Oz had been there to kiss his wife, and Xander looked almost as if he had given birth himself. The Slayer cried with the new mom hoping that the little one would have a chance.

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Blinking back the tears, her gaze once again focused on the ceiling and the cracks in it. In a few hours the sun would be down again and He would be out. This night he wouldn't survive. He had done her a favor though and that favor, even if he had not known what a favor it was to her, managed to bring a cold smile to her face.

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Spike had been plotting the death of Angelus for a long time now. He was tired of his obsession with Dru and thought it was time to have her all to himself again. Had he been able to find The Slayer things might have turned out different

The attack had been simple. He would catch Angelus and hoist him up into the sunlight much like he had done to the Anointed One so many years ago. Watch him burn and then Dru would be his once again. Her sanity had gotten much worse in the years Angelus had spent with them and he wasn't sure how long it would take to help her back to some semblance of her normal self, but he would try. He watched Angelus walk into the trap, watched it spring, then watched with disbelief as Dru set him free before the light could reach him. Shock must have set in, because Spike didn't feel the stake that went through his heart by Angelus's hand.

Dru had been infuriated that Angelus had killed Spike. Why should she settle for only one, when she could have had both? She considered forcing Angelus back in the cage Spike had constructed, but changed her mind and simply left. It was only a few days after that that she met her death as well. She had no warning, but almost welcomed The Slayer as she thrust a stake into her heart. It was over almost before she knew what had happened, and with that she was with Spike again in the depths of hell.

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The Slayer had hunted every last one of them down. She hunted them with an obsession that was unmatched. Soon they all began to fear the one that was only called The Slayer even more than they feared the human slayers. Even the human slayers feared this one. And after nearly two hundred years there were only two left. And before sunrise, there would be none. She had no illusions that the race would somehow surface again. She thought she had gotten them all, but it was possible that a few had gone into deep hiding. She had no desire anymore to find out. Now she just wanted Him. Rolling over to glance at the window, she noted there was no light coming from behind the heavy drapes. It was time.

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The amusement park had been deserted for some time now, and she thought this was probably the most ironic place she might kill him. Unless it was in the same place they had. She didn't want to think about it. She was here to kill him, then herself, and then there would be no more vampires.

She found him in the Funhouse. Seemed odd he would have chosen there to hole up for whatever reason. He must have known she was coming he didn't really seem surprised. Rising quietly he just looked at her.

"And it begins," he told her softly.

Shaking her head she disagreed, "No here is where it ends."

With those words both swords were drawn once again. At first it was just a teasing dance, a blade thrust here, one thrust there, with no intentions of hurting the other. Just a test of skill and mettle. But slowly it became more. Soon one blade brings blood and then both of them are caught in bloodlust so great they can almost see the pounding of each other's blood. Nothing would stop either of them now but death.

The clanging of blades fills the air and after a time both become winded. Gasping for air a few feet apart, both noticed the change. The temperature dropped, the wind picked up, and they can almost hear chanting in the howling of the wind. In her mind The Slayer can hear her lost friend "The spell... it will work. Do what you have to do but it will work!!" Thinking perhaps she has gone insane, she shook her head to clear it, seeing Angelus looking at her oddly. He didn't hear it too did he? Oh god no. Don't make him Angel again. Not now. If that happens she can't she can't kill him if he is. And if he is there is no way she can go on living again either. Not after all this time... not without all her friends. Even if he is there, she is still one of them. One of the plague she has vowed to destroy. Do what needs to be done.

With that she lunged, catching him a bit by surprise. He reacted fast, and both impale themselves. Gasping as the life slowly drained from them, the silver in the blades and the garlic smeared on them poisoning their systems, he looks down at her.

"Buffy" he whispered.

Looking up at him, she tried to blink back the tears but couldn't. It is done and both of them have regained their souls. Willow didn't lie she kept her promise.

Whispering his name, she reached up, pulling him down in a kiss. Their lips met, and their bodies sank to the floor, slowly dissolving into dust.

Everything is still for a moment, then a faint flickering of light hovered over both would-be bodies. The souls rise from the remains and twine together creating an almost blinding light of blue. Both of them hear Willow's words as they rise to meet their friends once again

"And may the two souls that were parted never be parted again even in death."

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